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Easiest of access among all the Canons of Colorado, being situated on the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande between Canon City and Salida in the front range of the Rockies, is the most spectacular, awe-inspiring and magnificent. Down this mighty chert in the heart of the granite rock-barrier rush the raging waters of the Arkansas River, lashed into foaming fury and dashed into a dancing spray by its swift descent through the tortuous defile. So narrow is the passage at one point that there was no room for both the road and river, and therefore a curiously constructed bridge of steel had to be thrown lengthwise of the stream, suspended from iron supports mortised into the canon walls on each side to the right and left. And right here can be seen the climax of all the canon's grandeur, that which has been aptly called "The Royal Gorge." For two thousand six hundred feet the solid monoliths soar upward—five times as lofty as the Washington Monument, the highest permanent structure reared by the hand of man. No words can adequately describe the magnificence of the scene. Only those who have beheld its glories can appreciate them.

This is but one of the many wonders of nature revealed to the traveler on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, "The Scenic Line of the World."

For detailed information about this most delightful trip to the East, Address J. D. Mansfield, Rio Grande System, Portland, O.

HOME STUDY COURSE

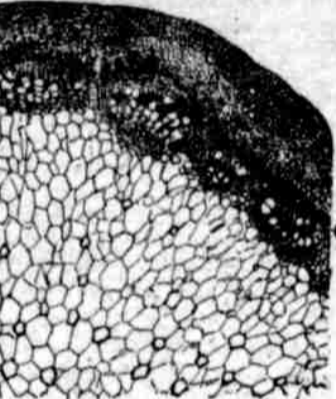
Self Education Through the Medium of Specially Prepared Articles by Prominent Instructors

OUR NATIVE TREES

THOMAS H. MACBRIDE, Ph. D., Professor of Botany, Iowa State University.

I.—What Is a Tree?

TREES in our country are fortunately so common as almost to pass without definition. Everybody knows a tree and knows all about it too. At least he thinks he does. He knows that a tree has an erect persistent stem, wide-spreading or deep descending roots, waving, far extending branches and abundant leaves, casting in summer a grateful shade, in autumn falling. He knows that trees, some of them at least, bear flowers and fruits and seed, reproducing the species "after their kind." This much everybody knows, and these indeed are some of the patent, obvious features of a tree. Nevertheless, as may be suspected, this is only an outside or surface view of the subject. When we come to inquire how the tree comes to be what it is, how it does all the things that we see it do, how it pushes the roots through the hard ground where a plow can hardly go, how the leaves elaborate its food, how it builds stem and bark and branch and carries pound after pound, ton after ton, away up into the air, how it endures while living summer's drought and winter's cold, not for a few years, but year after year, for centuries and centuries—when we begin to



Transverse Section of a Maple Twig Highly Magnified. C.—The Cambium Line.

think of trees in this way, it is plain that all our surface knowledge counts but little. We are in the presence of a mechanism of wonderful efficiency, but also of great complexity, whose delicate adjustments may tax the cunning of the wisest.

Now, in a few short chapters which constitute this course a complete answer to the problem of the tree or even a complete statement of it is certainly not to be expected. We may perhaps study the problem in some of its simpler aspects, learn a little of the structure of a tree, of its history, and more of its utility and exceeding value to enlightened men and nations.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the tree is its persistence. Other plants grow, send up stems and leaves and flowers, begin many of the things done by the tree, but these presently perish, survive a few months or years at most and are gone. Only plants of the tree type seem able to accumulate, to carry forward the work of life and make each year contributory to life's perennial triumph. Fortunately this particular property of the tree, taking things as they are, admits of comparatively simple explanation. We find the explanation in so far as the tree's structure, just as in the case of any mechanism we may study the parts and find out how they work and so understand the machine. If we make a thin cross-section of the stem of a small tree and lay the section under the lens of a microscope, we shall see something like that shown in the accompanying illustration, which is indeed from a photograph of such a section.

Here the whole section seems made up of little rings. The early observers thought these rings looked like a section of a honeycomb and accordingly called them cells. At a glance we perceive that the rings or cells are not alike. They differ greatly in size and shape. A second glance shows us that the cells fall easily into groups which form together a circle around within the margin. The cells which make up this band or circle are in the growing tree, all living cells and all active, each in its own way. Within the limits assigned us here we may not consider them all, but must pay attention to the smallest only—those that make up

THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE: ITS SOCIAL EFFECTS.

The anthracite coal area is 483 square miles. Upon this territory about 400,000 persons are directly dependent upon the mining industry for their subsistence; another 200,000 are indirectly dependent upon it and were necessarily affected by the recent strike. Among this group of 600,000 souls industrial war prevailed for nearly six months. The wages of 140,000 mine employees, which aggregated a monthly average of over three and a half millions of dollars, were cut off. The wholesale houses heard the sound of battle from afar, and in the spring restrained the activity of their agents and watched developments. Conservative business men who saved from five to ten per cent. on their purchases by buying early in the season withheld their orders. The hotels where commercial travelers stayed lost fifty per cent. of their transient trade. The banks found a considerable falling off in the deposits. Over the hardware, clothing, jewelry, furniture, and dry goods stores hung a depressing sense of impending calamity. Before hostilities were declared an ominous depression in business circles throughout the anthracite coal fields prevailed. May 12 proved how well these men had read the signs of the times. An army of about 140,000 producers did not respond that morning to the gongs which sounded at the four hundred colliers. The struggle was on, and those men who had watched the development of affairs since 1900 felt in their hearts that it was to be a costly, stubborn, and protracted one.

Society in the strike territory was divided into two hostile camps, and the line of cleavage was along the antagonistic interests of capital and labor. Mine superintendents, foremen, clerks, and some favorite miners—in all about five thousand strong—were on the side of the operators. The rank and file of mine employees were on the other side. The merchants, from business considerations, held their peace. Professional men of influence were discreet, but their conservatism and pecuniary interests inclined them to the side of the operators more than to that of the men. The clergy, cautious and timid, could not prevent the spirit of faction from entering the churches. A few were outspoken, but the rank and file of our spiritual leaders were silent and prayed for peace.

Soon after the strike was declared family and social bonds were severed. For the first month mine workers migrated in large numbers from all anthracite communities. We had over thirty thousand young Slav bachelors in our towns and villages. Hundreds of these packed their trunks, carried them to the depot, and left for either fatherland or elsewhere in quest of work. If any one imagines that the Slavs are not susceptible to the ties of sympathy and fellowship, he should have seen these people at the depots. They kissed each other farewell, the departing lingered on the platform of the train and waved good-by, and strong men turned their faces to brush off the falling tears. Some left stealthily. They owed a bill and feared attachment. There were men at the depot watching the migrating ones. The tax-collector was there. Merchants had information that their creditors were leaving had constables attach the goods in the depot. I saw one of these debtors brought before a justice of the peace. The man was passive, but the wife argued her case with such effect that two dollars were taken off the costs. The bill was paid, and as the woman left, the constable said, "She's a holy terror." The only persons kept busy for the first month of the strike were ticket agents, constables, and justices of the peace. One of this last class said in June, "Business is good. I've taken in over five dollars a day for the last month."

The English speaking mine employees did not leave in troops, as did the Slavs. Many families of them, however, have left these coal fields. In the towns of Mahanoy and Shenandoah houses were very scarce before the strike; to-day the ead "For rent" is seen in every street. Few are the English-speaking families throughout the anthracite regions which have not been broken up. Young men and women were quick to see the economic pressure which would fall upon the family, and to stay it as long as possible, they took their departure for the cities of New York and Philadelphia, or to the

soft coal fields. The boys made heroic sacrifices. Money was scarce. They would board a freight train and take a "Johnny Mitchell excursion" to some distant point. The cities of Easton, Allentown, New York, Philadelphia, etc., were soon glutted with cheap labor. The boys begged their food and tramped in quest of work. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company found it necessary to put a stop to illegal car-riding. The incoming trains were stopped on the bridge crossing the Susquehanna River before entering the city of Philadelphia and the transgressors arrested. I asked a mother, whose young son, twenty years of age, had left home, "Have you heard from Richard?" "No," she said, "he's been gone now ten days, and I haven't heard a word." The boy and twenty-nine others were arrested on the bridge and sentenced to ten days imprisonment. The boy bravely served his sentence, and saved his mother from worry by not telling her of his misfortune. These young men who dig anthracite coal show a delicacy of feeling and a fine tenderness worthy of a Coriolanus. One of them left for Philadelphia and got work there. He regularly sent money to his mother; but that was not enough; she wanted to see her boy. He delayed coming until a week ago, and said, "I lost thirty pounds from July to August. I knew 'mam' would worry if she saw me. In the last month I've gained fifteen pounds." This breaking up of family ties because of the strike is a fact seldom mentioned, but privation and hunger do not rend the heart as this does. I have seen young girls from sixteen to eighteen years of age leaving home because the family's income was cut off. Can any heart tell what it means for these to go into a strange city to try to eke out a subsistence? One of these, seventeen years of age, left for—All her mother could gather was enough money to buy a half-fare ticket. The girl didn't have another cent, and was scantily clad. She slept the first night with friends in the city, and on the following morning looked for work. She got it, and earned \$3.50 a week. Before the month was up she came home, her shoes worn and torn, and her clothing in a dilapidated condition. She was a girl of strong moral courage, and she came home.

But not only does industrial conflict drive men and young women from home, it also disturbs social peace at home and sets brother against brother and family against family. Two men who left their mother country together, shared the same bed, and divided equally their earnings, are today enemies—they will not exchange the time of day. One of them went to work, and the other called him "scab." This opprobrious epithet sticks and stings most virulently. When uttered it means social ostracism, and for it there is no remedy. There is a sin as grievous as "scabbing" in the ethical code of these workers. Half a dozen women, members of the ladies' aid society of one of the chuchses, were talking of non-union workers, when one of them said, "I could look at scabs hanged," and the others echoed her sentiment. To what extent this feeling carries men was illustrated in Lunford. Sharpe, a union man, who was shot by a deputy, had a funeral such as was never witnessed in that town. All the union men from the mining villages came to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they considered a martyr for the cause. The union leaders were in charge, and the procession was solemn and impressive. A few weeks after, a non-union Hungarian who worked was accidentally killed. On the day of the funeral the undertaker could not get a man to remove his remains from the house to the funeral car. His fellow-countrymen said, "Him die a scab, him bury a scab," and to a man they kept away from the funeral.

The families of the men who worked are subject to social ban. Some men left Lakawana County, where they would not work, and came to Schuylkill to seek employment. They worked where they were not known, and kept closely within the stockade of the colliery. If their neighbors at home learned that they were working elsewhere in these coal fields, the lives of their wives and children were soon made miserable. It meant social ostracism. Three wives came from Luzerne County to Schuylkill lately in quest of their husbands. They said they could not stand it longer, and resolved either to stay at the colliery with their husbands or to go home

together. The children of those who worked were subjected to insults, and many fistcuffs were the result. One young man whose father worked in another section was badly beaten in a fight. His mother said, "Why didn't you let them alone to say what they would?" "No, mam," he said; "I wasn't going to let them speak dirt about pap." Little children would not play with "scab" children, and most pathetic was it to hear a child say, "I'll be Johnny Mitchell man only let me play." Women anxious to live in peace were insulted by their neighbors if their husbands worked. Innuendoes, sneers, obloquies, are weapons which hurt, and no civil or military power can save the victim. A family moved from one part of town to another a week ago, and the mother said, "I couldn't stand it any longer; those women are terrible." The landlord said, "I'm glad they're gone. I don't want dynamite here because of scabs."

When the Eighth Regiment was called out on the night of July 30, antagonism between men residing in the same town was still further intensified. Many mine employees who were loyal union men belonged to that regiment. Each one's soul was racked by conflicting duties—the State versus the union—but, to the credit of the young men be it said, not one of them failed to respond to the midnight summons. No one will ever know what was the sacrifice these boys made when they obeyed the Governor's call to arms. One hesitated and said, "I'll run away, mother." "Fred, no; Will, your brother, was no coward." Will had died in the Philippines, and Fred went to the army that night. As the callers went from house to house where their comrades lived, the strikers soon learned their mission and gathered in large companies near the armory. Each member as he came was hooted and vilified. A young lad left his home, and immediately his parents heard the crowd yelling. They feared violence, and both of them, barefooted and scantily clad, ran to protect the son and accompany him to the armory. As one company left the armory their companions and neighbors called them "scabs." It was too much for one of the soldiers; he stepped from the ranks and struck one of the vilifiers a blow which floored him. The soldiers who are union men may be excommunicated from the union. Many of them will leave the companies as soon as peace is restored. One tells class said, "To think of shooting down my fellow workmen is terrible. No more for me as soon as this is over." Troops from a distance are not so rent by conflicting sentiments. They can calmly speak of shooting a mine employee, and joyously exhibit the bullets which would lay low the Slavs. The troops will not tolerate the cutting epithet of "scab." The troops stand on "footing." Men grew of late more careful in loading them with reproach. In one of our towns several were prosecuted for calling men "scabs." The word was dropped, but the strikers' sentiment suffered no change, and now the offender is defenestrated by saying, "There he goes! there he goes!" A soldier on horseback was on a street of one of our towns when he heard the word, "Scab! scab!" He instantly turned his horse, dismounted and looked for the culprit. He returned crestfallen amid the laughter of spectators, for the criminal was a parrot which belonged to one of the miners.

Not for a generation will the enmities and hatred engendered by this strike die away. Industrial peace is in sight, but it will not bring peace to the men who stood by the operators in this emergency. The families which have suffered reproach in the last few months will not be restored to favor. Social ostracism will remain when the troops are gone and coal produced. A troop of young men standing on the street corner in Shenandoah discussed the treatment of "scabs" when the colliers resumed. "Yes," said one of them, "we'll tend to them good," and any one familiar with the mines knows what that means. A young lad on the Hazleton mountains calmly outlined a scheme whereby the "scab" could be blown to pieces by powder. The lot of these men who exercise their natural right to work will be a sad one for many days to come. No foreman will be able to protect them from the hatred of the union men.

The financial loss to our communities because of the strike was great, but that will in a few years be made good. The burning rancor, the uncompromising hostility, the rending asunder of ties of friendship, the social ostracism, the opprobrious epithets—these remain. Time is a healing hand, but death alone will cure these wounds. Here in our towns these irritated and enraged men will continue to live, and so strong is their hatred that in social, political, industrial, and religious life they will never let pass an opportunity to "do" their man. Should not this lamentable condition of affairs, due to industrial conflict, count for something in the eyes of the world's men of action, of thought? The Thirty Years' War scotched the progress of society in Germany for fifty years. A six months' industrial war leaves our communities in a state of material, intellectual, and moral confusion which will need many years of patient work to set in order. P. Q. R. in Outlook.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

The foot ball team of the Oregon Agricultural College defeated the McMinnville College last Friday by a score of 33 to 0.

Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, a well-known historical writer, author of the River of the West—Jos. Meek's biography—died in Portland Friday morning last, aged, 76 years.

Plans are being arranged for holding a big poultry show in Newberg in January. From five to six hundred birds are already in sight for the show and a fine exhibition is expected.

A colony of about 100 beavers has been found in the Cascade Mountains on the head waters of a stream that flows east into the Deschutes. The good suggestion is made that the general government protect them. The colony is not far from Crater lake and would make a fine setting for the national park.

The new group of copper mines at Althouse, Josephine County, in the Grayback Mountains, which were located last year by Messrs. Babcock and Kitterman, are under development and give promise of being the best copper producers in the state. These mines are only a few miles from the wonderful Josephine caves.

The plans for the new Baptist church to replace the building destroyed by the fire last summer, have been completed and the work of building will be begun in a short time. The new church will be a very handsome structure and has many points of improvement, both in appearance and arrangement over the former building.

The Three Sisters Canal Company has filed in the office of the State Land Board an application for contract for the reclaiming of 30,000 acres of arid land lying in the western part of Crook County. The tract is located between the mountains known as the Three Sisters and the Deschutes River. State Engineer George L. Dillman will go and examine the land this week. It is proposed to irrigate with water from tributaries of the Deschutes.—Albany Herald.

Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction Irwin, late of this state is under arrest at Juneau Alaska charged with malfeasance in office. He is U. S. Commissioner there and has jurisdiction of criminal actions at one stage of their trial. Two attorneys charge that he illegally appropriated to his own use a large amount made up of sums ranging from \$1 to \$10 on criminal cases which came before him for trial. In order to do this successfully, the complaint states, the accused falsified certain records and mutilated others. Up to the present time the accused has borne an excellent reputation.

R. M. Watson has sued the Tillamook Headlight for libel placing the damages at \$5000. This is the libelous paragraph that is the cause of the action: "We would suggest that the new newspaper be called the 'Baby Act Graft,' and should give a graphic account of Watson's last bout with his wife, going home drunk, running into debt and borrowing money from his son-in-law, an honest, hard-working boy, and suddenly skipping out without paying the same; also the tight place Watson found himself in when he had to clear out of Elma or commit suicide, which he threatened to do. These reliable facts will make the 'Baby Act Graft' exceedingly interesting to those who allow the man who has guzzled whiskey enough to float the Sue H. Elmore to spy them again. We have a spark of sympathy however, for Watson, for it is distressing to see a man at enmity with his own relatives and headed for the asylum."